Tahiti: Isle of Dreams

You must either have an income, or a source of revenue derived from outside, or a large capital which can be invested in plantations, if you wish to be any thing more in Tahiti than a passing tourist. And if you are a passing tourist, you will probably see no more of the real Tahiti than in Paris of French family life. No; stick to O'Brien and keep your dreams.

There was a time in Tahiti when the fruits of the earth were held in common and when you could walk along and pick them. To-day we have land laws, and if you do that you break them and you will end up in prison. There was a time when the fisherman would gladly share his catch with you, but to-day he sends his superfluities to Papeete market where charity is as far to seek as in Covent Garden or Billingsgate. There was a time when damsels, sporting on the banks of the rivers, would call to you to j oin them and thereafter

take you home and keep you for as long as you cared to stay. To-day there are few women by the rivers, and those married women of doubtful beauty washing the household linen, whose corrugated iron and wooden houses are no more easy of entrance than